

The Sketch

No. 1195 — Vol. XCII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



THE BEAUTY QUEEN OF "PUSH AND GO," WHO IS TO APPEAR IN "JOYLAND": MISS JUANITA SYMONDS,
WHO WILL BE IN THE NEW REVUE AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

It will be remembered that during the run of "Push and Go" the audiences voted in a Beauty Competition for members of the Beauty Chorus.

Miss Juanita Symonds received the greatest number of votes.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

PHRYNETTE'S.

LETTERS.

PLEASE PICK OUT WHICH IS WHOSE.

BY MARTHE TROY-CURTIN.
Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

OH, but you must not be disappointed if I don't answer in the "next letter"; you see, this silly, nonsensical stuff of mine has to be written some time in advance. Thank you very much for the view from C. C., and the amiable accompanying letter. The landscape impressed me as the abomination of desolation; but, then, it's hardly a pleasure picnic you are bent upon! You brave boys! I'd like to shake hands with you all!

By the way, I don't think, here in London, they make at all enough of the wounded "yous." I always want to throw them a kiss or a flower, as they pass by. It's hard luck on me, but it seems I always want to do the very things one must not do! Yesterday, in Bond Street, I saw such a nice "you" with his poor foot in a slipper, and I think he thought I thought he was nice, and I think he thought I had a jolly hat on, or something; and Aunt Barbara said: "Oh, but, Phrynette, you must not stare at people!" "People!" He was not "people," he was a dear, with the sort of eyes that make your ankles slaggard in some mysterious way; and there he had been and got "hurted" in his foot, so that Aunt Barbara might not, in the sack of London! be abducted by von Hindenburg on a dark, very dark night, of course; and, instead of feeling grateful and elated, she said I stared at "people" —besides, I was merely gladogleying!

As for your letter, I'd like to deal with it fully; but, even with the best will, the best quill, and two big sheets, it is not possible, *mon ami*! An adequate answer to ten pages and a-half (lovely to read) would fill up *The Sketch* from the side of the Angel (you know, the lightly clad lady on the front cover, or is it Art?) to that of the dusky young person sitting among pearls, palms, and perfumes on the last page.

However, I am giving your message to Miss Peto. As to the matter of the stamps, I say, Miss Marie Corelli? Same initials, you know; only whereas she is the Light of Literature, I am just light literature, see?

You may "address" me as you please. I have a whole string of names to choose from, neatly printed at the top of this page.

No man is "girl-proof," I have been told. Ask your chums. A chap may congratulate himself he has escaped heart-whole through having loved widely and none too well, and then, at fifty, a flapper of fifteen will fell the blasphemator to his knees; then—*e finita la Comedia*—it is the turn of tragedy! So I have seen; but, then, perhaps I look at life through others' eyes; and quite pleasant it is when the eyes—however, that's digression! And you are quite mistaken, I am *not* wise!—oh, please don't say that; it frightens me! But what is there for the frivolous to do, amidst the flood of useful folk, if not to amuse oneself by looking on? In other times, strangely like ours, the best-informed man at Court was the King's Fool!

What is a "Brigadier-General," exactly? Is he the top-dog of a Colonel? He who says to the Subs. and Captains they must not smoke so much, and they must not read French novels, and they must spend



TO LONELY.

SOLDIERS.

their pocket-pay wisely and not go to night clubs; and who "ploughs" them at the exam. for flirting with their best girl; and, oh! is he one of the Musty Must-Nots? If so, I love a Sub. best. You are not "hurted," are you?

I have heard a little story; you won't think me very callous if I thought it funny, will you?—you can judge for yourselves. There was a woman who feared only three things on earth (she must have been very brave or very young)—the sea, the *mices*, and the Germans. She went lately for a little sea trip, and she was torpedoed—no, she hadn't got any ammunition in her hand-bag; nobody on board had. I must add that the ship also was torpedoed, and everybody else. You see, it is quite a banal, every-day little story, so far. It was very dark, very cold, very sudden, and the lady had only what she stood in—a string of pearls and one of those crêpe-de-Chine affairs that you admire so much. So, no wonder there was a little confusion (on her part, at least), added to the general tumult. On deck, people were stumbling against one another without saying "I beg your pardon"; they trod on each other's toes without saying "Sorry"; and even the Captain, who was such a dear and such a hand at bridge, went on shouting orders, and did not pay the slightest attention to one. And, suddenly, a man she did not know—it was too dark to see his face, but she was quite sure she did not know his grip—grabbed the heroine of this true tale in his great hairy arms (she guessed they must have been hairy), and began jumping about with her in a wild manner. She started: "How dare you, German monster! you have not been introduced!" Then she fainted beautifully, happy in spite of all in the thought that this was the no-hair-curlers epoch. For as, of course, you know, we are a straight-hair tribe, now. Though, if one has naturally wavy hair, one's *real* friends will put up with one, I dare say, if one is otherwise possible. To come back to our torpedoed lady; when she recovered, she found herself with five other females, among them her maid, in a tiny cabin, in a ship that was tossing sickeningly. "Where am I?" said she, for she was brought up on tradition, and the maid cried: "Madame, you are lost; I am lost; we are all lost; and Madame's nice new hats, too! We have been pushed in zis room, in zis boat of murderers; and zee door, she is shut at the key! This is a German submarine; well, sure; ah! my poor Mozer; ah! my poor Fazer! Adieu!"

On hearing this, the wretched lady of the wrecked ship beat against the locked door with as much strength as rage and indignation lent her. A hard-hearted man who was hurrying through the corridor shouted to her this strange-sounding words, "Shtup." "Some German slang," thought the poor woman, who could read Goethe; "some more of those new horrible German inventions!" She then tried to exhort the others to fortitude and dignity, but the *mices* would not let her. They were everywhere, gnawing, scratching, climbing walls, running races on the very ceiling. Ah! just to tell you of them, I feel for her, I fear with her. At last the dawn did dawn, and the first thing the prisoners saw was, written in jolly black letters on the lovely white paint of a door, those beautiful, blessed words, "Linen Cupboard."

They had been rescued by a small English merchant-ship. "Madame, Madame," suddenly shrieked the maid, "prenez garde, there is a mouse just behind you!"

"Never mind," said the lady, with an affectionate glance at the brown beasty; "it's an English mouse!"



"I love a Sub. best."



"Ploughs' them at the exam. for flirting with their best girl."



"The lady had only what she stood in—a string of pearls and one of those crêpe-de-Chine affairs."

"Ah!" (gratified for very vague reasons) she exclaimed. "And where is Cruikshank? Do they dress like this there?"

To the very young Sub.—I don't know whether you will know this is meant for you. Perhaps you will if I tell you that, yes, you spelt "bachelor" rightly. How else could it be spelt? With two "l's," *pour mieux s'enfouir*?

I am vastly pleased to know my letters enliven the "dismal corner" you are waiting in. I have another correspondent from the very same Arcadian spot, and his views on it are the same as yours; but he did not say (I liked that bit) that "The Sketch was like a really topping dinner with something like nothing on earth" (hum) "in the middle." Where does the sherbet come in? But I am not in the middle any more; I assail you with my letter as soon as you peep in!

To E. J. H.—No, I don't agree with you as to "the lips that are near"; perhaps it's feminine perversity.

To the general reader.—It's all right; we are merely discussing poetical license.

To E. J. H.—Don't contradict me!

And, apropos of license—poetry, I mean—I wonder whether E. S. has a copy of his poem, "To-day I kiss your hands, Tomorrow" . . . etc. (The *etc.* is, of course, mine.) I liked the verses immensely; am I quoting them right?

To the general reader (by general I mean all of you, not with a large G)—I hear one of the biggest men clubs in London (oh, not a very exciting one—the National Liberal; you thought I meant the Athenæum, didn't you?) is considering opening its doors to lady members. Now it feeds their bodies—in the dining-room—but will not feed their minds by allowing them in the reading-room!

Well, I think that all clubs should be mixed clubs, don't you? That does not necessarily mean that you could not escape from us, or we from you. There would be retreat-rooms for the misanthrope, conversation lounges for the sociable, cosy corners for the sentimental, a skating-hall (with *thick* ice, Mrs. Grundy!), and a ball-room where they would hold *thēs dansants* every afternoon, its own theatre where members could themselves act their own plays (would not heaps of people join that club!), a roof-garden for the season, and special cellars with downy divans and congenial cushions for air-raid nights, where they would tell each other tales in the best Ford Madox Hueffer manner!

What do you think of my idea? I trust there is not among you such a being as a woman-hater—if there

She is still wondering what "Shtup" can possibly mean.

Lady Vertugadin is vastly worried. When the fashion of short skirts came in, she shortened with the best of them. No, it is not, as some men think (un-married men—the married ones know worse), a question of economy: the shorter the skirt, the longer the bill. Now, for street wear it's all right—Russian boots cover a multitude of shins (that should rightly be covered); but in the evenings, with brocade or velvet shoes, it's no use ankling for admiration under false pretences. The woman with thick ankles is the goddess with the feet of clay. So some such goddess has re-introduced the befrilled stockings. You know the things I mean, don't you? They have been daguerreotyped.

"What do you think?" asked Lady Vertugadin the other evening, as she revolved heavily for me to admire her wide short skirts of yellow taffetas from under which fell frill upon frill edged with black velvet. "I don't suggest legs of lamb, Phrynette, do I?" The word "mutton" was on my lips, but she is such a dear, in spite of her determination to be modish *malgré tout*, that "Not in the least," I lied energetically. "You remind me of Cruikshank's ladies."

is such a one at all anywhere, which I doubt, never having met one! Mixed Clubs, especially after the war, should be such splendid successes. Because, you see, you'll find us somewhat changed when you come back. You'll discover we have developed (some of us) into such capable persons. We can actually carry our parcels ourselves (not the brown-paper ones, of course—those with the pretty fancy strings). We can buy our own theatre tickets, and forget in taxi-cabs our own umbrellas all by ourselves!

We shan't expect you to fetch and carry for us as much as in pre-war days. (We have become almost used to help ourselves, now, and will leave you some rest.) We won't interrupt you as you are scanning blue books with a mappy forehead to ask you:

"What the date is to-day?" or, "Is it going to rain, do you think; should I wear my white hat?" else, of course, if a club is to be like home, what would be the use of a club?

I went to see the Princess Eristoff's show of portraits at the Carlton. There are some strong contrasts.

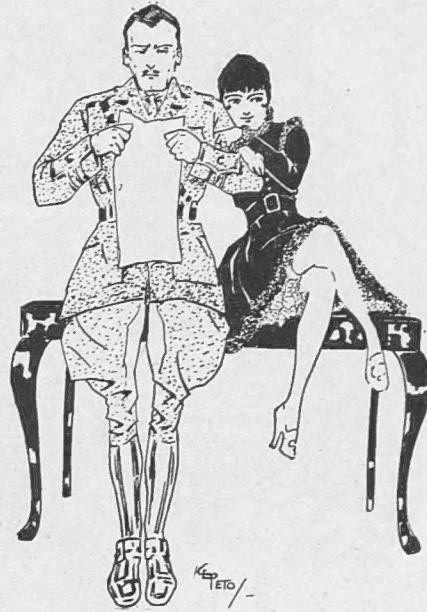
A gay-looking Russian, in a beautiful brocade coat—a fancy-dress ball edition of the national dress. If you were not in khaki, I'd love to see you in such ravishing rags—wouldn't you be beautiful in them; just a little bit

shy, though. Then there was an old "bachelor" with his first-born—a very young baby, a boy dancer, a beautiful figure in a fantasy. The Princess paints a life-size portrait in from five to seven sittings. She herself is very striking—tall, with Titian hair; she nearly always wears black velvet frocks and a black velvet Rembrandt hat. She is one of the few women in London who know what the soul of a Salon is. It is a fact that, in London, where there are so many large houses with wealthy owners, a successful Salon is a rarity. So many hostesses seem to think

that as long as there is a sufficient number of celebrities exhausting the oxygen of their cathedral-like rooms, they have achieved a clamant success; and it's all the time what you with your young British graphic-phraseology (!) would call "a beastly bore." I am not speaking, of course, of the hostess

who invites Caruso to dine and then *asks him to sing!* But even apart from those, there is the hostess who, instead of letting people sort themselves as they please, insists on bringing together—say, Mr. Jack Ignoramus and Mr. John Supremus; and as the two painters, of a different school, loathe and despise each other, and determinedly ignore each other's work, they at once begin to talk of the war, each taking as widely different a view as their lack of pugilistic training renders safe! Then, just as a third person, the only one in the room who is not a wit, has succeeded in bringing back a harmonious atmosphere by relating a little story that has nothing clever about it, but that's just human and good-natured, a sudden draught is felt again—Miss Arabella Bleating is going to recite, and of all things, *the War Poem of Justus Savus—the Master!* Alas, Justus Savus is here, too; and everyone knows his strong opinion that *no one*, except *perhaps* Coquelin, could recite his poem—and Coquelin is dead! Happy, happy family party! I don't need describing them to you, do I? Those ghastly gatherings of geniuses where each of them says to himself: "What am I doing among those—these—such—Ah?"

You, *Camarades*, are safely out of it. I don't mean to be impolite, but there are limits even to my tolerance of the social bore, what!



"The shorter the skirt, the longer the bill."



"The woman with thick ankles is the goddess with the feet of clay."



"I don't suggest legs of lamb, Phrynette, do I?"

TOPPING! "CHIMNEY-POTS" FOR FAIR LADIES.



IN HER (EARLY) GEORGIAN TOPPER: MISS NANCY BUCKLAND, SECOND GIRL IN THIS YEAR'S DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.



IN HER VELVET TOPPER: MISS MODESTA DALY, OF "THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER," AT MANCHESTER.

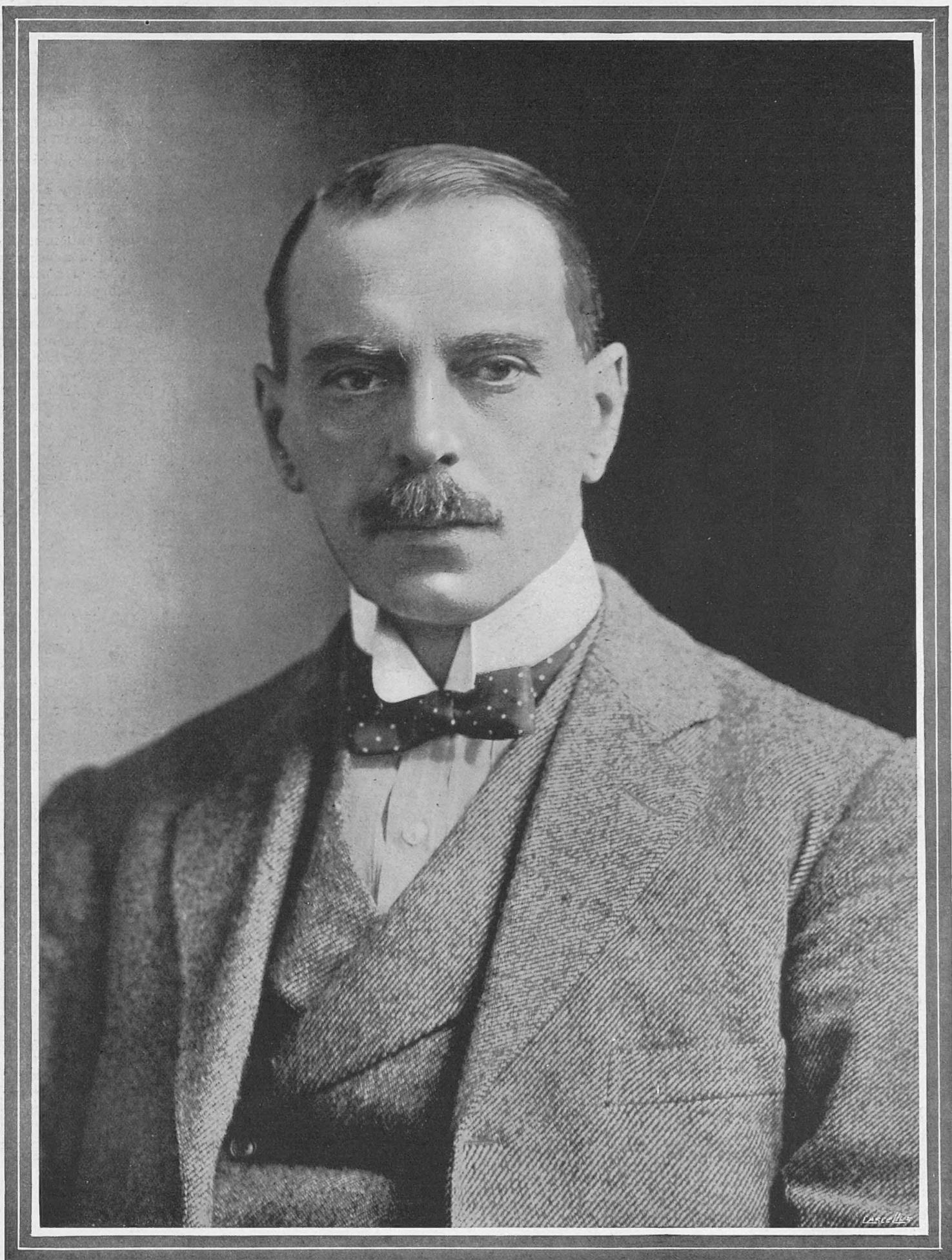


IN HER SILK TOPPER: MME. KARINA, THE WELL-KNOWN DANISH DANCER.

Man having discarded the topper, for the time being at all events, in favour of Service caps or bowlers, woman has taken the top-hat unto herself. Here are proofs. Miss Buckland will be Susie Sunshine in "Puss in Boots," at Drury Lane. Miss Modesta

Daly is to be Lady Rosemary Beaulieu in "The Miller's Daughter," which is to be produced in Manchester at Christmas. Mme. Karina has been dancing for the wounded, as well as fulfilling her usual engagements.

M.P.—MAINLY PERTINENT: THE GREAT QUESTIONER.



SIR ARTHUR B. MARKHAM, BT.—POSSIBLY A LEADING LIGHT IN A NEW NATIONAL PARTY.

Sir Arthur B. Markham, that very able M.P., who has become of late Questioner-in-Chief to the House of Commons, and of whom "Punch" has said that he should become Principal of "Hocklebury Hall: a High-Class College for Political Aspirants," may yet be seen as a leading light in a new National Party. The "Morning Post" said of him not long ago, dealing with what it called the new Attorney-General's

"bad legal reasons why the enemy in this country should be protected": "Sir Arthur Markham is not of our way of thinking in politics. He has been a Free Trader. . . . We offer the olive-branch to Sir Arthur Markham and his political friends who think with him. . . . Let all true Britons who think that Britain should be for the British unite in one National Party and fight under one banner."



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
(“Chicot”).

“For, You
See—”

Most people, I suppose, have heard that very wise, very witty, very bitter-gentle remark which is said to have come from the late King when speaking of the Kaiser—

“He will always be a difficult person to deal with, for, you see, he is not quite a gentleman.”

I should like to have that saying emblazoned on the walls of every school-room in the land. But I would not stop at school-rooms, for so many people, who are not quite gentlemen, think themselves at liberty to leave off trying to be gentlemen when they leave school. Wherever men congregate, therefore, King Edward’s pregnant epigram should stare them in the face.

And at no time, oddly enough, is the reminder more necessary than in time of war. The conditions of life have all changed. Men meet other men whom they never expected to meet, and never would have met but for the universal brotherhood that the war demands. Shallow people say, in consequence, that class distinctions have vanished. This is true on the surface; it is absolutely untrue in reality. But there are two classes instead of three. There is one class of people who are gentlemen because they cannot help it; there is another class of people who are not gentlemen, and, if they cannot help it, God help them! Because this is the time of all times for the man who is not a gentleman, be he millionaire or labourer, to learn manners of the man who is a gentleman, be he millionaire or labourer.

Thackeray’s Definition.

Everybody, of course, knows Thackeray’s

“Book of Snobs” by heart, and so everybody will remember the following passage, in which the great satirist (after all, that hackneyed phrase sums up Thackeray in brief better than any new phrase; and why invent a new phrase when the old one is perfect?—that, if you like, is Literary Snobbishness) defined a gentleman whilst seeming to ask for information—

“What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father? Ought his life to be decent—his bills to be paid—his tastes to be high and elegant—his aims in life lofty and noble?”

By which Thackeray never meant that a gentleman should be a prig. He never meant that a gentleman, for instance, should always be gentle. There are times when a gentleman requires to be anything but gentle, as when he is compelled to deal with an offensive ebullition of the instinctive cad. Thackeray never meant that a gentleman was always wise, and never owed a penny, or anything of the sort. He was speaking of the essential instincts, and he enumerated those essential instincts which a gentleman possesses, although, being human, he is occasionally false to them.

I have known gentlemen who were always gentlemen, even when dealing with cads who were always cads. So that the cads promptly fell upon them and devoured them.

Winston Churchill I do not know Mr. Winston Churchill, but I have followed his career with great interest, and I had the pleasure of hearing him speak

near the beginning of the war at the London Opera House. It was a fine speech, very earnest, very serious, extremely well delivered. (In passing, I may say that, in days gone by, I have often picked out actors and actresses from the rank and file, and predicted for

them, in the boldness of print, the leading positions they have since attained. I may claim, therefore, to know something about acting, and I am quite sure that, if Mr. Winston Churchill ever grows tired of politics and fighting, there is a splendid position and a large fortune waiting for him as an actor. This is intended as a compliment, for I hold the art of acting in high esteem.)

To return to the speech at the London Opera House. One sentence still sticks in my memory, and, I expect, always will stick there. It is this. “When this war is over,” said Mr. Churchill, “let it be said of our side, ‘They fought like gentlemen.’”

I was glad to hear a man of his position and influence say that. There was every temptation—there still is every temptation—not to fight like gentlemen. Hitherto we have fought like gentlemen.

“Cabalterns.” I read a little while ago, in the *Evening Standard*, a very clever and amusing article entitled “Cabalterns.” The writer was a Senior Officer who had

evidently seen service abroad, so that he had a perfect right to criticise those of his juniors who are in the process of making here in England. He chaffed them a great deal, and some of his chaff had sting in it; but there was a breadth, a good-humour about the whole affair that bespoke the man of large mind. He was not angry with the “Cabalterns.” He was talking to them for their good. He would probably avoid them as much as possible until they had learned better manners, but he would never be out of temper with them. People of broad mind and wide experience are seldom really angry except when they meet with injustice or cruelty.

The author of the article I have mentioned might have put in a word for the “Cabaltern” who does happen to have had his corners knocked off him at Sandhurst or the Varsity. He must suffer far more than the “Senior Officer.” He has to live with the “Cabaltern,” to eat with him, to work with him, to travel with him. This, I hear, is sometimes rather trying.

I travelled to town one day recently in a saloon-carriage filled with young officers in training. There was only one genuine “Cabaltern” amongst them, but his voice was the loudest.

Once Again! For the seventh year in succession, friend the reader, it is my privilege to wish you a right-

down optimistic Christmas through the pages of *The Sketch*. Like Mark Tapley, I feel there is some credit in being jolly at such a time. Nobody denies that you have every excuse for refusing to be jolly, but that is where the credit for being jolly comes in!

Personally, I have all sorts of excuses for not being jolly. I don’t know how many parts there are in the human body, but I seem to have a distinct and separate cold in every one of them. And it is pouring with rain. And every post brings in the annual bills. And the war is not over.

But what of it? I am determined to be jolly by Christmas. The eight thousand four hundred and seventy-three colds must be dispersed; the rain must stop or go on, just as it chooses. The bills, somehow or other, must be paid. And Christmas must set in with the usual accompaniments. For that day, at least, banish your care! It can be done, but it can’t be done without resolution, and it can’t be done by yourself! On Christmas Day, of all days, your own company is the very worst in the world.

Get amongst any kind of your kind and be kind to them.

That is not a bad motto for Christmas, and none the worse for smacking of the pantomime.



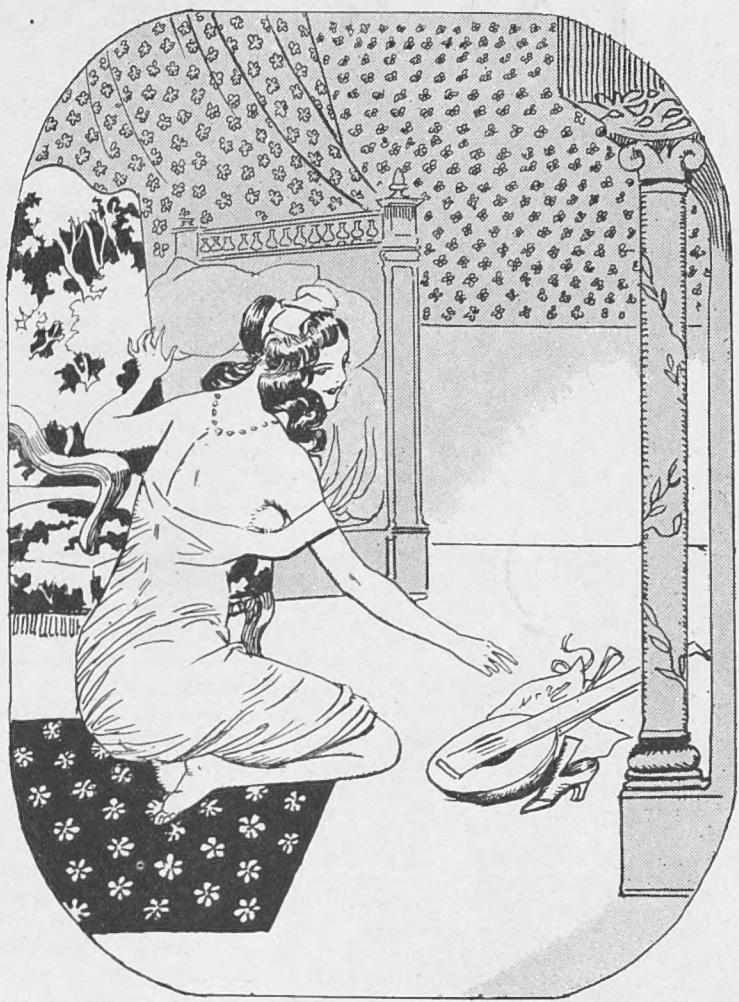
PRINCESS ROSABEL, DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CERULIA: MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON, THE PRINCIPAL GIRL IN

“PUSS-IN-BOOTS,” AT DRURY LANE.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Cerulia, parents of the Princess Rosabel, will be played by Mr. Will Evans and Mr. George Graves, the latter in the petticoats.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

VANITIES OF VALDÉS: CHRISTMAS GIRLS.



THE CHRISTMAS OF ROXANE.
(LOUIS XIII.)



THE CHRISTMAS OF PHYLLIS.
(LOUIS XV.)



THE CHRISTMAS OF PALMYRA.
(1830)



THE CHRISTMAS OF MARIANNE.
(1915)

WIFE AND DAUGHTERS OF THE NEW BRITISH COMMANDER.



THE FAMILY OF GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG: THE HON. LADY HAIG; WITH HER DAUGHTERS, ALEXANDRA AND VICTORIA.

The nation learned, on Dec. 16, that the King had shown his high appreciation of the sixteen months of valuable and strenuous work done by Sir John French in France and Flanders, by conferring upon him the dignity of a Viscount of the United Kingdom, and that, Sir John having at his own instance relinquished the command of our Armies in France and Flanders, that position would be taken by General Sir Douglas Haig, Sir John French accepting the appointment of Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief the troops in the United Kingdom. Sir Douglas has a brilliant military record, and has already done

very fine work in the present war—work that has been recognised in generous terms by Sir John French in despatches. The Hon. Lady Haig is one of the beautiful twin daughters of Lady Vivian, widow of the third Baron Vivian, and is a sister of the present Lord Vivian. As the Hon. Dorothy Maud Vivian, Lady Haig was a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria, and also to Queen Alexandra, with both of whom she was a great favourite, and after whom her daughters are named. She is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.—[Photograph by Frederic Robinson.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIERS

FROM Glynde Viscountess Wolseley writes on the subject of "back to the land" for women. Her interest just now is centred on the Village War Food Societies, Women's Institutes, and the Agricultural Organisation Society—all practical and useful concerns, despite their somewhat cumbrous titles.

Viscountess Wolseley herself is made up of common-sense and competence. As founder of the Glynde School for Lady Gardeners she helped to open out to women a very suitable and pleasant field of work. Her own place near Lewes is called Ragged Lands: you might just as well class Eton among the Ragged Schools.

"Wolseley."

It may have taken some readers of the *Times* a few moments to identify the lady with her signature. "Wolseley" she signs herself, without even a Frances in brackets or any such confession of gender. It is a signature, as it happens, that should be very much more familiar. Many people are asking why Viscountess Wolseley has not been pressed into the service of the State as a recruiter of women-workers.

With such a person

TO MARRY CAPTAIN HAROLD R. GALLATY: MISS SYLVIA VIOLET SCRATCHLEY.

Miss Scratchley is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Scratchley, of Hans Road, S.W. Captain Gallaty, General Staff, is the second son of Mr. John Gallaty, of Belsize Park, N.W.

Photograph by Lafayette.

at the head of a Government training-college and clearing-house for gardeners and farm-hands, the right sort of women might have been distributed all over the country to stimulate the intelligent utilisation of the nation's kitchen-gardens.

The Shopping Limit.

This is indeed a nation of shoppers and shop-keepers. The Duke of Westminster has been helping to sell Bimbo toys, and the Duke of Portland is deep in Christmas-trees. Lady Desborough, after a very quiet time, is doing better with her flower-shop in Mount Street—a flower-shop with a mission, of course; and Lady Denman has helped things to boom at the Claridge's Christmas Fair. After an agonising period of warnings about three days, two days, and one day more for the Derby scheme came the same sort of threat about Christmas and postal days. But we cannot complain that the Great World

has not tried hard to sell us things in good time.

Company Promoting.

The commercial touch is the vogue, even out of Shopland: Viscountess Gormanston's new baby must be welcomed as another member of the firm known at Gormanston Castle as "Eileen and Co."—the key to that style being that Lord Gormanston, who carries the queer Christian name of Jenico, is called Co for short by his friends.

Ruby Peto's Success.

One of the cleverest business strokes of this commercial year was Mrs. Ralph Peto's *coup* at the Albert Hall. She persuaded Sargent—only the combined forces of pretty Mrs. Peto and the European war

could have managed it—to offer pages from his sketch-books for sale. Never before has he done such a thing. Mrs. Peto's other catches were drawings by "Max," Orpen, John, Jimmy Pryde, McEvoy, and Muirhead Bone—artists she knows personally. Mrs. Peto was at one time a student at the Slade, but her distractions were too many to please the inexorable Tonks. The art of lunching out and the art of the life-class are well known as incompatibles.

A Fair Question? The other day, escorted by Lord Ribblesdale, she went to the Duchess of Marlborough's to hear Yeats talk about the Irish Theatre. Lord Ribblesdale and even Mr. Yeats himself were faced with other problems than those connected with Cuchulain and Synge. The gathering afforded a very tempting opportunity for trying to come to a conclusion about the identity of the prettiest woman in London. Lady d'Abenon, as beautiful in her nurse's uniform as in her chosen gowns, Lady Lytton, Lady Maud Warrender, and Mrs. Ralph Peto were all in view, and the Duchess looked extraordinarily charming in a Polish turban. It was observed that Mr. Yeats had more than once to close his eyes before he could struggle to the end of a complicated sentence.

A Man of Parcels.

A Red Cross man home on leave last week found his whole time taken up with the commissions of his friends in France. When I saw him off from Victoria at the end of it his luggage included eleven musical instruments, two cases of sundries, and a whole library of books. "If you could transplant your shop to Rouen," he said to one London dealer in books, disconsolate over his year's takings, "you would sell out in a week." Over there, it seems, people have no pricks of conscience about spending money. They are doing their duty, and those who

are not voluntary helpers are making money. They spend it, along with

their off-hours, in such shops as are handy. It is surprising that enterprising persons at home have not noted this.

Forbidden.

Lady Kilmarnock has taken a house in London, and Lord Kilmarnock is returning to England after a long absence in Japan. Before the East swallowed him up, he and his wife spent several years in Vienna. But let him be warned, lest he resume one of those Austrian "velours" that were perfectly in order when last he stocked his hat-box. Lady Bathurst has spied their like in Piccadilly, and is on the warpath.

ENGAGED TO LIEUT. R. DOUGLAS KING-HARMAN, R.N.: MISS LILY MOFFATT.

Miss Moffatt is the daughter of Mr. Alexander Moffatt, Sheriff-Substitute of Stirlingshire, of Arnottdale, Falkirk. Lieutenant R. Douglas King-Harman, R.N., is the son of Sir Charles King-Harman, K.C.M.G., of Moorfields, Nailsea, Somerset.

Photograph by Press Portrait Bureau.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT R. C. REYNOLDS, R.F.A.: MISS MARJORIE M'VEAGH.

Miss M'Veagh is the only daughter of Mr. M'Veagh, of Drewstown, Co. Meath, Ireland. Lieutenant R. C. Reynolds, Royal Field Artillery, is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Reynolds, of The Priory, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY SUB-LIEUTENANT JAMES DOUGLAS KENDALL RESTLER, R.N.V.R.: MISS VIOLET MARY TWINING.

Miss Twining is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Haynes Twining, of Ennismore Gardens, S.W. Sub-Lieutenant Restler is in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Photograph by Thomson.



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. R. DOUGLAS KING-HARMAN, R.N.: MISS LILY MOFFATT.

Miss Moffatt is the daughter of Mr. Alexander Moffatt, Sheriff-Substitute of Stirlingshire, of Arnottdale, Falkirk. Lieutenant R. Douglas King-Harman, R.N., is the son of Sir Charles King-Harman, K.C.M.G., of Moorfields, Nailsea, Somerset.

Photograph by Press Portrait Bureau.



ENGAGED TO SECOND LIEUTENANT J. MORLEY-STEBBINGS, R.F.A.: MISS DORIS CHALMER.

Miss Chalmer is the second daughter of the late Lieutenant Francis Chalmer, R.N., and niece of the late Major Stirling and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling. Second Lieutenant John Morley-Stebbins is the youngest son of the late Mr. John Morley-Stebbins, and is in the Royal Field Artillery.

Photograph by Swaine.

JOYS OF "JOYLAND": BEAUTIES IN A STUDIO.



In Practice Dress: Ladies of the Beauty Chorus for the New Hippodrome Revue.

The new London Hippodrome revue is to bear the title "Joyland." There was a thought of calling it "Hullo, Joyland!" but that, we are informed, was abandoned definitely last week. The principals will, of course, be very well known stars, and equally of course, will include Miss Shirley Kellogg. As to the new Beauty Chorus,

it will be at least as charming as the old, and, indeed, will include a number of members of the old Beauty Chorus. The title of the revue is not merely seasonable, but seems to augur complete success for so cheerily named a production. Our photograph was taken in Mr. Hugh Cecil's studio.—[*Camera-Portrait by Hugh Cecil.*]



1811—1916; A PARALLEL?: BULGARS AND IRISH: "SWEET LAMBS" AND "OLD TOUGHS."

Salonika. Several times lately I have seen in print an allusion to Salonika as being probably the Torres Vedras of the Balkan campaign. There are certainly great similarities between the situation in the Balkans just now and that in Portugal in the winter of 1810. A party in Parliament in 1810 were anxious that the British troops should be withdrawn from Portugal, and officers joining Wellington's force spoke to him of the retirement as being likely to take place immediately. Wellington protested energetically against this, and entered on a defensive campaign, determined to lose as few men as was possible. He threw back Masséna, who attacked him on the heights of Busaco, the French losing in this battle 5000 men, and the Allies 1300—very much the same proportion that the Bulgars and ourselves lost during the last big battle in Serbia; and then, when Masséna turned the Busaco position, he retreated on the lines of Torres Vedras, which he garrisoned with 100,000 able-bodied men.

The Lines of Torres Vedras. We and our Allies are not likely to be given the time to construct outside Salonika such an elaborate system of defensive works as Wellington con-

structed at Torres Vedras. North of Lisbon he made three great lines, the outer line, thirty miles long, stretching from the Tagus to the sea. There were redoubts and other field fortifications at intervals in these lines, and six hundred cannon were mounted on them. Masséna, advancing under the quite mistaken impression that he was pursuing the British, came to a dead halt when he found how strong the lines were opposed to him, sent off General Foy to ask Napoleon to give him reinforcements, and retired to Santarem. Wellington and his army within the lines had by no means an uncomfortable time: the hounds hunted between the two outer lines, and there was always Lisbon behind the army as a town in which to spend a few days' pleasant leave.

The Sequel to Torres Vedras. The sequel to Torres Vedras is encouraging if we can carry on the parallel between 1811 and 1916. Napoleon was too much engaged with his coming campaign against Russia to send reinforcements to Masséna. The spring campaign of 1811 commenced with Sir Thomas Graham's sally by sea from Cadiz. He gained against the investing force the victory of Barrosa. Masséna, on the same day that Barrosa was fought, retired from before the lines of Torres Vedras, his army in want of food and supplies, his men deserting, and most of his horses dead. Ney commanded Masséna's rearguard, and did all that the most gallant of soldiers could do to delay the British advance. Masséna, sacrificing much of his baggage and ammunition, eventually brought his army, wasted by disease and losses, to Salamanca, having lost 30,000 men in Portugal, of whom 6000 had been put out of action during his retreat. Masséna recovered sufficiently during the spring once more to attack Wellington at Fuentes d'Onoro—the battle during which Norman Ramsay and his guns

burst through the French cavalry—and then fell back again on Salamanca.

Sir Bryan Mahon. The military authorities evidently saw no harm in telling us, within a week of the battle, that it was the 10th Division, under the command of Sir Bryan Mahon, that fought the fine rearguard action against the Bulgars, and we were also informed that three particular Irish regiments in this Irish Division especially distinguished themselves in the fighting, which was often hand to hand. Sir Bryan Mahon, himself an Irishman, who in the Boer War led the relieving force to Mafeking, has served both in the infantry and the cavalry, for he began his military service as a Militiaman, and was in the 21st Hussars before he was promoted into the 8th Hussars, of which he soon became the Adjutant. He was born in '62, so that he has plenty of time still left him in which to run up to the top of the ladder.

The Royal Munster Fusiliers. The regiments especially mentioned for gallantry where all were gallant are the Royal Munster Fusiliers, the Dublin Fusiliers, and the Connaught Rangers. The Munsters have many Indian battle honours

on their colours, the first one being Plassey, for the two battalions of this famous regiment were originally in the service of John Company, being the 1st Bengal European Fusiliers and the 2nd Bengal European Fusiliers. One of the curiosities in battle honours is that the Munster Fusiliers carry Guzerat on their colours, though Lieut.-Col. Innes, the regiment's historian, says that he can find no record that the regiment was there at all. The regiment wears as its collar-badge a grenade, with on it the Bengal tiger; and on its Fusilier caps it carries the badge of the province of Munster, the ancient arms of Ireland—three golden crowns on a field of azure.



CAPTAIN A. E. W. MASON'S MOST FAMOUS STORY FILMED: HARRY FEVERSHAM WATCHES CAPTAIN TRENCH BEING MADE A PRISONER—IN "THE FOUR FEATHERS."

"The Four Feathers" has been taken for the cinematograph. The presentation is very good, and should be most popular. It will be remembered that the story is an episode of the Soudan and General Gordon, and tells how a British officer retrieved his lost position by deeds of valour. The film is controlled and released by Lucoque, Ltd., of 93 and 95, Wardour Street, by whose courtesy we make our reproduction.

The Royal Dublin Fusiliers. The Royal Dublin Fusiliers were formed from a Madras corps and a Bombay corps of European Fusiliers, and, like the Munsters, carry many Indian honours on their colours, the list commencing with Arcot. The 1st Battalion of the regiment, in its old Indian days, was chiefly recruited from the 2nd, or Queen's, of the European service, and was known as the "Sweet Lambs." The 2nd Battalion, however, brought to the regiment the nickname of the "Old Toughs," a name of which the regiment is still justly proud.

The Connaught Rangers. The Connaught Rangers, who wear the harp and crown within a shamrock wreath, are proud of the old traditions of the 88th Regiment and the 94th. The 88th Regiment of the Line, in the desperate assault on Badajos, found themselves opposed to the French 88th. They fought magnificently at Salamanca. At one time the Connaught Rangers were authorised to maintain in the regiment an Order of Merit, the first-class cross of which was worn by non-commissioned officers and men who had fought in twelve or more general actions.

"PUSS-IN-BOOTS" IN UNDRESS: A DRURY LANE REHEARSAL.



1. MR. WILL EVANS, THE GRAND DUKE OF CERULIA—WITH CAR: AND MR. STANLEY LUPINO, THE POLYDON—WITH EXPRESSION.
2. MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON, THE PRINCESS ROSABEL OF CERULIA—WITH WOOL: AND MR. GEORGE GRAVES, THE GRAND DUCHESS OF CERULIA—WITH NEEDLES.

3. MISS RENÉE MAYER, THE PUSS-IN-BOOTS—WITH GIANT.
4. MR. WILL EVANS, THE GRAND DUKE OF CERULIA—WITH BÂTON: AND MR. GEORGE GRAVES, THE GRAND DUCHESS—WITH HARP.
5. MR. WILL EVANS, THE GRAND DUKE: AND MR. STANLEY LUPINO, THE POLYDON—WITH ACROBATICS.

Drury Lane's new pantomime, "Puss-in-Boots," will have its first performance on the afternoon of Boxing Day. It will be in two parts and thirteen scenes. The cast is full of favourites.—[Photographs by C.N.]

FARES, PLEASE!



THE FIRST ELDERLY LADY (*who rather fancies her youthful appearance*): Do take my seat, won't you?

THE SECOND DITTO (*of similar views*): [Speechless with indignation.]

DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD



THE MAN AT THE WINDOW: First single, Paddington! (*Pause.*) First single, Paddington!! (*Another pause.*)
FIRST SINGLE, PADDINGTON!!!

LADY BOOKING-CLERK: I'm rather busy just now; would you mind paying on the train?

DRAWN BY GEO. S. DIXON.

"HER BEAR," AND HIS BURDEN: A TWO-PAWED CARRY.



HOW TWO-LEGS DANCED WITH FOUR-LEGS AND SIX-LEGS DANCED ON TWO-LEGS: MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN AS A GIPSY AND MR. MAGLEY AS HER BEAR, IN "THE BEAR DANCE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

In one of the scenes of the Alhambra revue, "Now's the Time!" a scene which is entitled "In Old London," Miss Phyllis Monkman appears as A Gipsy accompanied by Her Bear, who is, under his skin, Mr. Magley. Together they perform "The Bear Dance" (composed by Max Darewski and Willy Redstone). As our photograph

shows, the bear proves to be such an active dance-partner that the fair bear-leader is fairly carried off her feet. It might not be out of place, in fact, if the dance were re-named the Bear-Hug or the Bruin-Trot, on the analogy of the Bunny-Hug and the Fox-Trot.—[Photograph by Wrather and Buys.]



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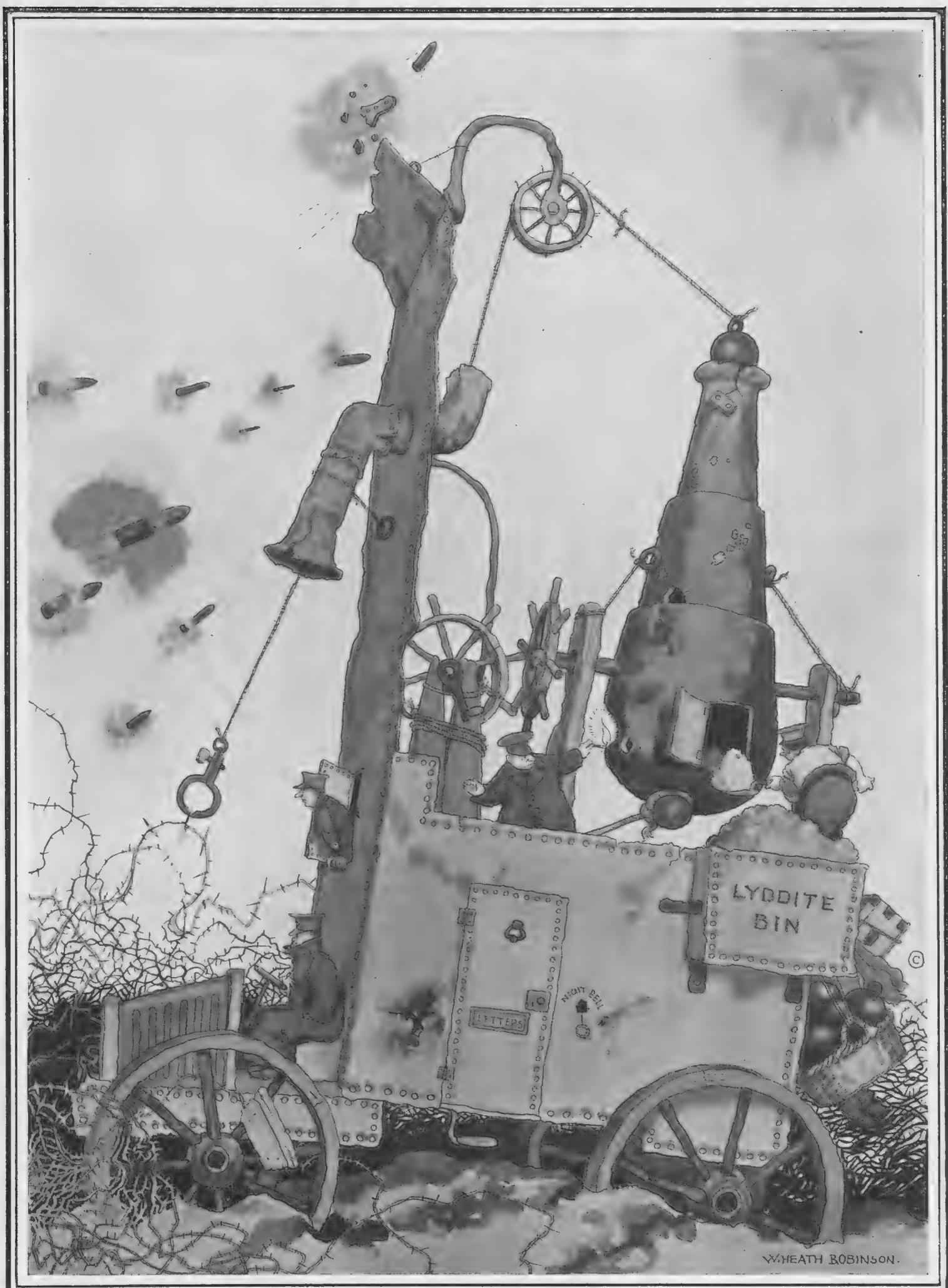
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IV.—THE BARB-DRAWER: FOR EXTRACTING BARBS FROM ENEMY WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHT IN U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



Woman and the Handkerchief.

Genesis tells us that Eve made herself an apron. We are left in the dark as to how she managed for handkerchiefs, though no doubt colds were among the other evils which the Fall brought on our first parents. If Eve were a real woman, she must have given deep thought to this matter. For one cannot imagine a true woman without something in the way of a handkerchief—something, too, not purely utilitarian, but dainty and coquettish withal. Historians have omitted to tell us exactly when the handkerchief became an essential part of the feminine outfit. Historians always do omit the things that really matter—that is to say, the small things. Still, we know that the handkerchief has a history of quite respect-able antiquity, and we can fairly assume that no civilisation had long existed before woman made play with some gossamer thing that not only served its ostensible purpose, but a great many others as well. There is something in a woman's choice of handkerchief that reveals her character: a plain woman may easily be more finicky than a pretty one, but the frump is incapable of real luxury in this detail, whatever her means.

"Handkerchiefs . . . adapted for the nursery . . . pleasingly decorated with strange birds."

The Smartest Handkerchief.

Whatever the luxury of the Georgian belle, she could hardly come up to the level the modern beauty can reach in handkerchiefs if she wishes and her allowance holds out. At its best the modern handkerchief is little more than a fleck of sheer handspun linen bordered with priceless lace, costing pounds. Even in its most prosaic moments it does not make the mistake of disdaining beauty, though it be worth but a few pence. Between these two extremes lie other varieties too numerous for description. There are handkerchiefs with narrow hems, and others whose hems are wide. Handkerchiefs that boast the finest of hand-embroidered corners, and handkerchiefs that do not. Spotted handkerchiefs and striped ones, and those that are both spotted and striped; and the ready-for-any-emergency handkerchief whose surface is divided into regular squares, so that the article itself can serve as a draught-board in the trenches if necessary; and the red handkerchief for danger, and the blue for hope!

And if anyone doubts these things, let them go to Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver in Regent Street, where Dolores sketched the examples illustrated on this page.



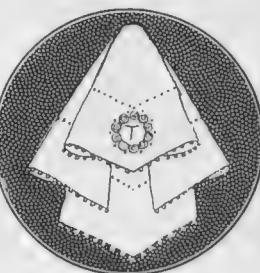
"There is something in a woman's choice of handkerchief that reveals her character."

The Handkerchief in the Nursery.

Of course there are many other kinds of handkerchiefs—those, for instance, especially adapted for use in the nursery, whence the sniff flies before them. These are really interesting productions—none of your plain white affairs, but pleasingly decorated with strange birds and beasts, and goblins and fairies and nursery heroes; to say nothing of the patriotic kerchief whereon the flags of the Allied nations supply a conspicuous and inspiriting border.

Ideas in Household Linen.

The difference between handkerchiefs and household linen is largely one of size, and both are necessary for the war trousseau which plays so prominent a part in life to-day. Of sheets it may be said that in texture and elaboration of ornament they rival the handkerchief, and that a bed of roses may, as she so please, be the literal portion of the luxurious *élégante*. Perfumed roses—be it understood, with the scent of the flower itself, for the old-time lavender of the linen-chest is no longer modish, and the linen-chest itself is displaced by luxurious cupboards scientifically heated, so that 'airing' has become an obsolete process, and the warming-pan ends its days as "antique" for wall decoration or languishes in obscurity in some forgotten corner of an old curiosity shop. If the perfuming process is carried to its logical conclusion, a

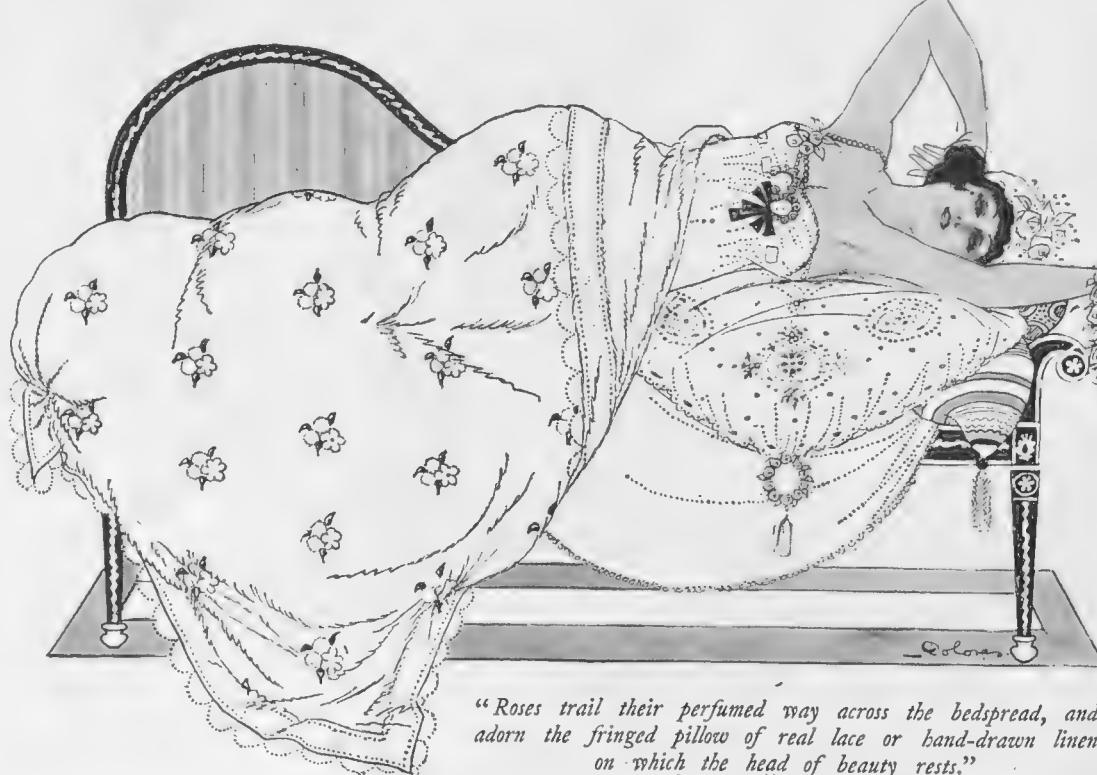


"Not purely utilitarian, but dainty and coquettish withal."

few roses—satin ones which are subtly scented sachets in disguise—will be sprinkled in the warm recesses of the linen-cupboard, trail their perfumed way across the bedspread, and adorn the fringed pillow of real lace or hand-drawn linen on which the head of beauty rests. It is almost superfluous to add that a change in the chosen perfume necessitates also a complete change in these arrangements, for the scent and the flower it is supposed to represent must go hand in hand, whilst the colour of any ribbons worn must, of course, match the blossom selected.

Decorated Bed-Clothes.

Luxuries of linen, however, are not confined merely to sheets—in which, by the way, linen and real lace are often found in happy union. Of late years the demand for trimmed napery and decorated bed-clothes has largely increased. There is a brisk call for the round table-cloth where linen meets filet lace and broderie in unequal contest, and for "mats" the beauty



"Roses trail their perfumed way across the bedspread, and adorn the fringed pillow of real lace or hand-drawn linen on which the head of beauty rests."

of whose adornment is enhanced by the background of the mahogany on which they lie. The last word in luxury, however, is represented by a coverlet of lace and Irish crochet, mounted over soft white satin.

PETERETTE PAN IN THE PARK.



THE MAMMA WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP.

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.



A TOTAL LOSS.

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL.

The following German wireless news has been circulated by the Wireless Press: "On Thursday a French aeroplane, presumably scouting above our advanced positions at Fidoches, was observed to turn completely over at a height of 4000 feet. The machine, which then took fire, fell in our lines, and was a total loss."

THE boy Pierre Clary lay on his face in the dark, his forehead resting on his hands, his chin in the mud. He was too tired to move, and, anyhow, there was nowhere to move to. He was not asleep. He was too tired to sleep. His eyes, wide open, stared, as it were, into the earth under them, and found it not quite dark. There was a puddle the size of a man's boot-heel and indescribably foul—a tiny epitome of the horrors of that trench; now, in the dark, it held a glimmer of reflected stars.

The boy was not sure if those stars were all he saw, or if, with a sort of dreary burning, the mud gave back to his eyes the plan of the position which was all his brain seemed to hold: the trenches, the dug-outs, the hidden guns, the woods, and the torn field where Stanislas had come down—all there in lines that were drawn in dull, uneasy fire. It was not possible to forget them for a moment. Body and soul, one seemed to be turning into lines and squares and spaces like a little map, or one of Stanislas' aerial photographs. . . . All squares. So rigid, so uncomfortable. No rest. . . .

Someone, crawling up the trench, touched his foot with a cautious hand. He did not stir. The hand, moving with an experienced swiftness, passed over him, questioning. . . . came at last to his smooth face and stubborn hair. A voice said, "Pierre."

Sighing like a child, answering the voice with hesitation, as if from a distance, Pierre murmured, "Mon lieutenant. . . . ?"

"Never mind that now. It is I, Stanislas. Come to the dug-out, my dear, and wash thyself. I have a piece of pink soap stolen from an Englishman, and the soap is passable."

"I—don't want to. Let me—alone. . . ."

"Come, Pierre." The elder stooped in the darkness, coaxing as one coaxes an over-tired child. "Come. No one will see. Everyone who can sleep is asleep. And I have things to say."

The battered little private stirred faintly in the mire. The paleness that was his face glinted into a broader oval. "Say them here," he commanded wearily.

His elder brother squatted down obediently, with a sigh of patience that ended in a smile. How that young one there always ordered him about! . . . And how tired he was, the poor child, and how cold! Too young, too young. . . .

"It is my coat, Pierre. Slip it on—so—while we talk. I am too warm, crouching here." The boy roused and thrust his arms clumsily into the warm-lined leather. He drew back at a faint rustle of paper.

"Are they. . . . ?"

"No, no. Hidden in the chassis." Pierre rolled himself in the coat with a grateful little grunt; it covered him from head almost to heel. He asked, revived almost instantly by the little sensation of comfort, "What is it, then?"

Stanislas did not answer for a moment. Then he said abruptly, "Has it occurred to you—that it was strange—very odd indeed—that I should have descended here where you are?"

"Yes. It was queer. . . . I ran out with the others to haul you in before They got the range, but I never knew it was you till

you took the helmet off. And They didn't hit once. They fired wild, that time!"

"Yes. . . . They didn't get us—that time. Pierre—"

"Well?"

"It is time for me to run away, my dear."

The private sat up slowly. "You mean," he asked gravely, after a silence (how those lines and squares were scorching in his head)—"you mean that we shall—shall not hold out?"

The other bent his head with the same still gravity. "It is—always possible. And I dare not run the risk, with what I carry. They must not have those photographs. Do you see, Pierre? They must not. . . . So I must run like a rat—no, a bat! . . . I'd give my soul to take you with me."

"I see." Yes, he saw—a great deal. "And that machine there. Is it mended?"

"It is, as one might say, tied together with tape." Stanislas had resumed his cheerfulness. "I have mended it myself, there being no one to help me—mended it with tape and string, and—mon Dieu, yes!—I think I have used some pins. And I have stuck a horseshoe in my belt, and said my prayers, and crawled a mile on your filthy old earth to report myself to a little wire. And mon Général is frothing like a mad dog because I could not deliver him the pretty pictures yesterday."

Mon Général," I said, "my machine went wrong, and I was forced to descend at Fidoches." "Perdition take thy machine!" he said. "When will these little fools of the Air Service learn that it is their duty instantly to grow wings like cherubs when the Staff requires it?" . . . So I said, "Mon Général, I am at Fidoches, and it appears that the enemy is as thick all about as cabbages in a field. What shall I do?" And he said, "Your duty, which is instantly to bring me those photographs at all risks save the risk of their falling into the hands of the enemy. If you see any danger of that, devour them in mid-air, and never mind the chemicals." And I, "But, mon Général, what if they are plates?" . . . What was that?"

"What? Nothing. . . . Go on, Stanislas, you are so entertaining when you are a fool." Pierre rolled slowly in the mud, stretched out his hand, and patted his brother on the knee. "Go on. You make me—sleepy. . . ." He shut his eyes at last.

But the other did not go on. He sat as if turned to stone—literally. His knee, under Pierre's hand, seemed to be cold and rigid. And through his closed eyelids, the boy was suddenly aware of light—dreadful, blinding, boring light, which took sight and sense as a strong jet of water might take the breath. He struggled to open his eyes, but could not; his lids were pressed down with the weight of unbearable radiance. He rolled from it, rolled to the wall of the trench, cupped his hands unconsciously about his temples, and at last looked and saw. He saw a face.

Nothing but a face—picked out with that light until it also looked like stone, fixed for ever. It was death, that face—death in a German helmet with a brown cover.

The great light spun, split into a thousand shafts of agony, shattered into darkness.

Dawn, clear and pale, tender as if with tears. Heavy artillery a mile or so away, shaking the visible universe. But in this little and unimportant place, for the time, quiet—a piteous quiet that yet held in it some threat heavier than even the throats of the great guns could utter. A line of prisoners and of wounded, crouched or lying on the mud; sentries. Many who were free, loosed for ever from the chance of prison or of pain: many, many more stones built into that wall which, in the fancy of those who

[Continued overleaf.]

MILD AND BITTER.



JACK (*in a blizzard at sea*): Who's left that door open? I feel an 'orrible draught.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

have loved her, is rising across France—the invulnerable ramparts of her dead.

On these things, then, Pierre Clary opened his eyes, with a curious foreknowledge of what he should find. It was as if what had happened had been so terrible that it had pierced to his soul's recognition even in his bodily unconsciousness.

That terrible something was consummated in the incessant whisper at his ear, like a little pulse ticking in torment—"Pierre, Pierre, Pierre. . . ."

Pierre turned to the voice—as he would always turn—from an immense restful distance. "Stanislas. . . ."

"Hsst! Oh, my God, be careful. . . ."

From the rear of the little group a voice rose, hoarse, incoherent; a sentry lunged with the butt, and a man shrieked suddenly and was as suddenly silent. The whisper again, like a beating pulse—"Pierre."

"Mon frère?"

"Be quiet, Pierre. Do not move, I command you. I must speak. . . . Art thou hurt?"

Pierre, very cautiously, moved himself all over. "No, I think not. Not badly. But—"

"It is my blood over thee, my dear," came the almost inaudible murmur. The boy lay still, staring upwards at the dawn, suddenly blinded; his whole face was in a moment wet and glittering with silent tears. The whisper again—

"Pierre, can you hear me?"

"Yes, Stanislas."

"The photographs. . . ."

The agony of that voice, held to such an iron restraint! Very carefully, Pierre turned his head a little, and his eyes, unprepared, almost failed from that unrecognisable length of mud and blood beside him. But the whisper went on—

"I have failed. I have been taken with them. They are in the chassis. Hidden. But they will be found. They have gone to look at the machine. They seem pleased. There is some devil's plan in their heads. . . . I don't know what. I couldn't hear. . . . And I am too late. I can do nothing. Pierre, even if I were free I could do. . . . nothing."

He moaned, and still the boy lay motionless, staring upwards. He looked as if he were dead. But he was never more alive—engaged, as it were, in re-valuing life.

"We shall re-take, of course. . . . But then it will be too late. If they are seen. . . . once. . . . Oh, my God, why did I not destroy them when I had to descend?"

It seemed that the very soul of the man must be torn out with the agony of that remorseless whisper.

Value? What value, now, except to give? But the fates were very grudging; not everyone had the chance to give. . . . Eh, well. . . . He rolled over bodily, set his lips an instant to that dreadful cheek near his own. "Rest tranquil, my brother; I will do what I can."

"Poor child. What can you do, then? Pierre. . . ."

"Yes. But one never knows. . . . At least. . . . If there is a chance, trust me. . . ."

For one instant the awful hunger and despair in his brother's eyes burned fully into his. Then the wreckage twisted in the mud, shook, and lay quiet as there approached a tramp of boots and a voice demanded in careful French, "Is there here the pilot of the Blériot-Gouin?"

A detached voice in Pierre's brain observed, "Well, and haven't you been up a dozen times?" . . . He hugged himself very closely into the crimsoned leather coat, and rose unsteadily to one knee.

"Is there here the pilot of the Blériot-Gouin? Answer."

"Here, Monsieur," said Pierre very politely, getting to his feet and saluting.

They surrounded him, heavy, hot-smelling, hard-eyed men, apparently in a great and eager haste. He shivered. Not with fear, to which he was entirely a stranger, but with the sense of his own physical smallness, which had worried him all his short life. He looked furtively at the hated faces, and hated them the more because they were so far above him. And then his eyes went to the great and growing dawn. How cool it was, how still, how far . . . and just the colour of a certain apéritif of old Arnaud's! He sucked in his breath wistfully, and waited in silence the pleasure of his enemies or the mercy of God.

"You are the pilot of the Blériot-Gouin yonder?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"How can you prove it?"

"By just letting me go up in it, Monsieur," suggested Pierre, with increasing politeness.

They looked at him with some doubt. But the thought that he would dare to reply frivolously was too incredible. The French-speaking officer said "So," heavily, and went to the point in stiff sentences, as if reading from a civic proclamation: "You are the pilot. Good. You will, then, ascend. You will take me with you as passenger; and a revolver—this one—will be all the time in readiness. . . . We have, unfortunately, no aviator here at the moment. You will fly over the position at"—he named it—"twice or thrice, as I shall direct. You will then return to our lines. And having done so, all will be made as easy for you as possible."

So that was it! Pierre glanced up almost with respect. *Bête!* But brave for all that. Willing to take risks that would appear to defy all common-sense. So that was it! The main French position behind them was so well defended no hostile aircraft had yet succeeded in carrying out a reconnaissance. And a photograph or plan of the position would doubtless be of immense value. That photograph or plan, then, was to be made from a French aeroplane—secure, at least at first, from attack. Very clever!—leaving out, as usual, only the Frenchman. . . . And that beast was bold, of a pig-like courage. . . . Or perhaps, also characteristically, he considered this particular Frenchman to be so frightened that the danger was small? Yes, cowed! That was it! . . . The boy shrank into the leather coat, the very picture of an immature and broken patriot, thinking hard. He was white as death, and a visible shiver shook him. They took it, complacently, for fear, or that nervous "slump" which besets the Latin. But it was joy. . . . "Stanislas, I think there will come a chance. Trust me. Rest quiet, Stanislas." . . . Surely the highest and most unearthly joy he was ever to know.

"And if I refuse?" he stammered miserably.

"The liberty of any further refusals will be immediately removed from you," replied the officer magnificently, handling the revolver.

"*Bête, bête!* Oh, *bête* beyond belief, but of courage. . . . The boy shock again, like a slender leaf in the unearthly wind of that joy. He gasped, "I—I will go. . . ."

"Come. At once."

He went, dragging along with a sinking heart, the revolver at his spine. As he passed, a dying private of his company breathed a furious curse. The boy, whiter than ever, only smiled, and rapidly, imperceptibly, as he passed, made the sign of the cross above the writhing face. So much had been forgiven and given him, he could afford to forgive even that.

They stepped under the trees, torn and dying, where the Blériot-Gouin was hidden with the photographs in her chassis—the photographs that must never fall into German hands.

"Do you understand me, Pierre? *Must* not. . . ."

"Trust me, brother. Rest tranquil. *They shall not.* . . ."

With the drone of a vexed hornet, the Blériot-Gouin, carrying two men, took the air. As she rose, it seemed as if the sun rose to meet her—she sprang into light. A wounded prisoner, lying under guard and waiting for a possible surgeon, watched her, all his remaining life making one great question in his eyes.

Like a bird over its nesting field, she soared in circles, climbing abruptly, and very high. The latest and least human of all human works, her insect-like viciousness seemed to forsake her there under heaven. . . . Nothing remained but mastery, grace, joy as when the morning stars sang together.

Joy. . . .

At the moment she seemed to falter, dipped, twinkled, turned. Like a star, leapt into immediate fire.

To the man who watched, it seemed the whole earth, the whole sky, flashed into that consuming flame.

Earthwards, there was running, shouting, anger and blame and incredulity. In heaven, nothing but the voices of the guns, the young morning, and this flaming, falling star.

Soon the heavens also were empty, as the earth was. And among the prisoners of war a wounded man lay, his utmost, most hopeless hope fulfilled, racked silently from head to foot with terrible tears.

THE END.

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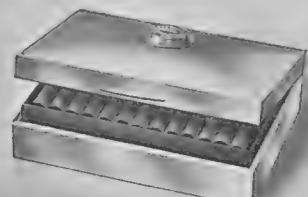
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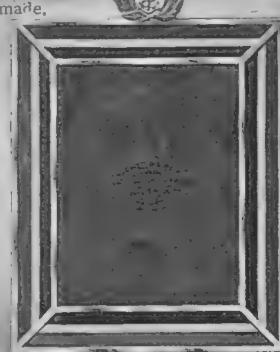
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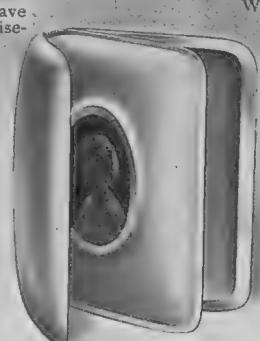


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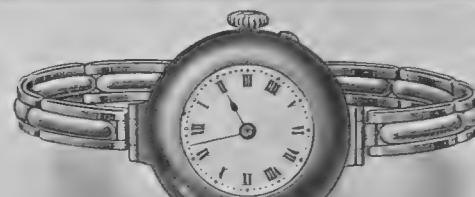


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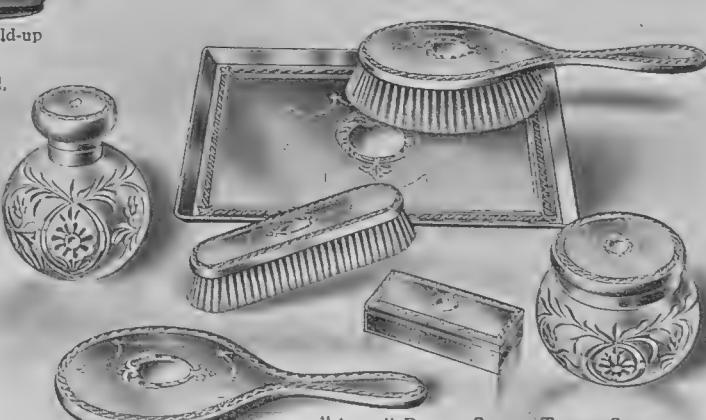
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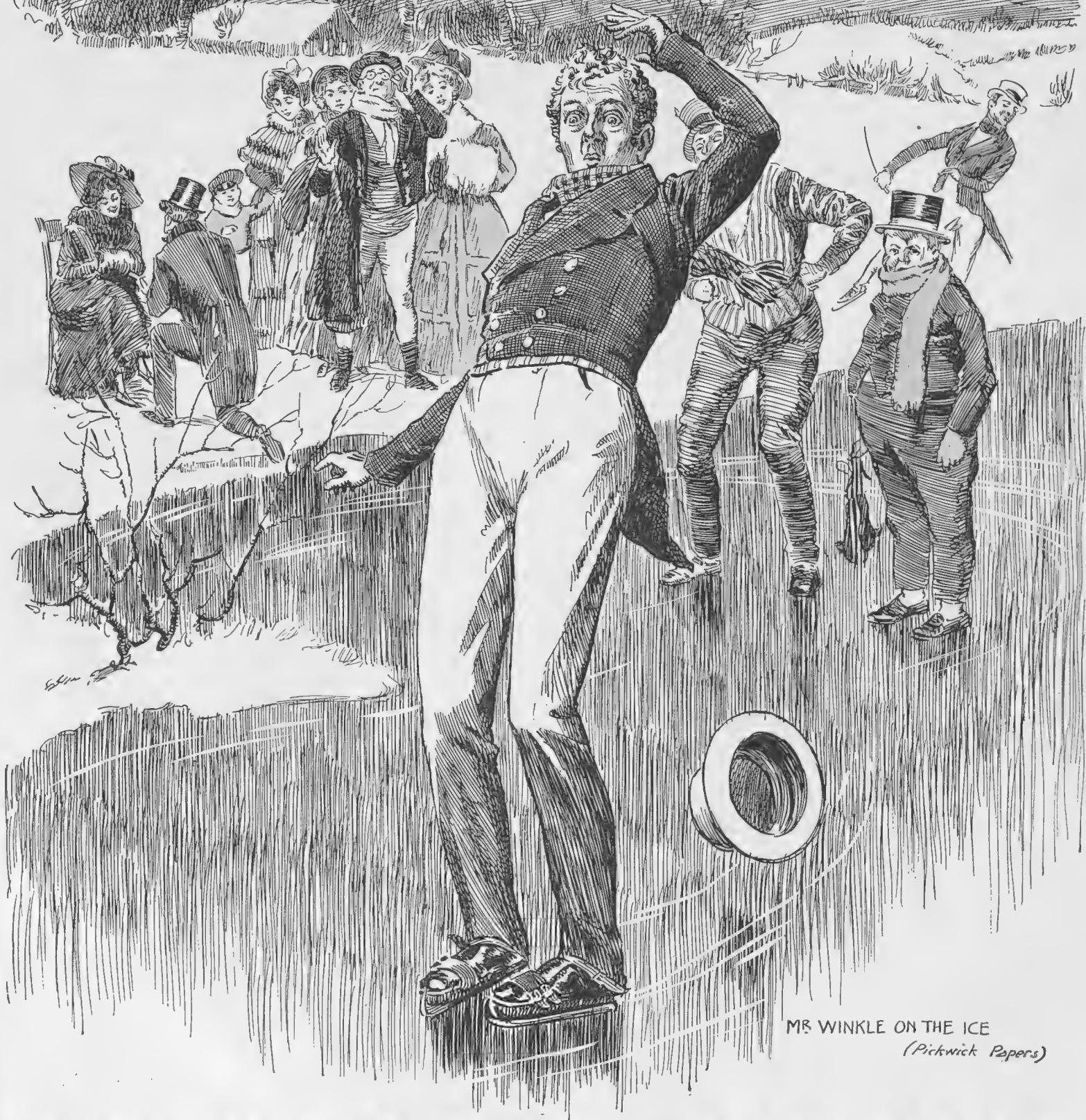
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Somewhere in Flanders.

September 15, 1915.

"The weather out here has been pretty good since I came out, with the exception of last week, when it rained very heavily for three days, and I can tell you it made no mistake about it. The trenches were very soon over the boot-top in mud and water. However, with the aid of a pair of good rubber-top boots and my 'Aquascutum,' I was able to keep perfectly dry. I cannot speak too highly of my 'Aquascutum,' as it has had many very severe tests and has always proved to be absolutely waterproof."

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Keep Smiling
This Christmas.

be. Yet the well-to-do have wisely determined to do without various junketings and luxuries to which they are accustomed. The chief reason of our national imperturbability is that the mass of the people are well fed, in full employment, and on the way to becoming a sober and (comparatively) thrifty race. In Germany, one hears, the ladies spend their time lamenting, in shrill voices, the disappearance of butter; here, you will see any day, in any drawing-room, lovely creatures in ermine and birds-of-paradise, lauding that newly discovered edible, margarine. As usual, we take our war economies as a vast joke; in the Fatherland they are already a tragedy.

No More Wagner
in London or
Paris.

I was assured the other day, by one of our amazing Intellectuals, that in five years' time I should be again sitting in Covent Garden listening to a German performance of the "Ring." To most of us such a forecast of events is unthinkable, and I would not mind wagering a moderate sum that it is impossible. It is certain that those cultured persons who, after this war, want to hear "Siegfried" and "Walküre" will have to cross the Rhine, or even the Atlantic, to do so. Wagner and his glorification of martial Germany will not be tolerated in London, still less in Brussels and in Paris. These magnificent works will always have a background, to Western Europe, of hideous and unspeakable crimes. M. Léon Daudet, in his new book on post-war measures, makes it quite plain what the attitude of French men and women will be towards Richard Wagner. And, curiously enough, the spirit of "The Walküre"—the magnificent, fiery, indestructible *élan* towards victory—is that shown by the French armies in this war, and not by the more stolid Germans. If one could personify "Marianne" at this moment it would be as a wonderful, whirling creature in helmet and shield, with the white wings of Victory crowning her head. Only a few years ago, "Marianne," in the Parisian revues, was depicted as a shabby old slattern in a dingy Republican cap, one who "had seen better days." In 1915 she closely resembles Brünnhilde after her long sleep.

Woman and the
Horse.

Country-bred Englishwomen, being devoted to horses, are showing their affection for their favourite beast and their patriotism at one and the same time. We hear of forty "hunting women" in charge of the depot for sick remounts near Reading, and how these ladies, clad in breeches and gaiters, are at the

stables at half-past six of a winter's morning, and may be seen, later on by the slacker, riding astride and exercising a long string of nags on the Berkshire Downs. These enthusiasts clean the stables, groom, feed, and nurse the sick horses, fetch them from the railway station, and generally "mother" them in the most efficient and kindly manner. They are told by inspecting officers that their work is better than that of men, which one can well believe, for only ardent lovers of horses would undertake such a fatiguing and responsible task. Then, too, the riding-mistress has been seen teaching youthful subalterns how to bestride a horse in Hyde Park itself, and it is possible that this innovation will catch on, and that tact and kindness may take the place of swear-words and scorn. That we have effected a revolution in manners in the space of half-a-century is obvious.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

ENGAGED TO LADY BORTHWICK: THE EARL
OF EUSTON.

Lord Euston is son and heir of the Duke of Grafton—was born in March 1850, and in 1875 married Miss Margaret Rose Carrington Smith, who died in 1913. He has a son, Viscount Ipswich, born in 1884, and two daughters.

Photograph by Jarman.

Then the "football"—as played to bring rain upon the arid earth. "It is called *Koura* and it is played with a ball of wood, or of rags bound together with string and long thick sticks, curving upwards and widening at the base. . . . The boys, divided into two camps, pushed the ball to and fro from one party to the other shouting the while, for on them it devolves thus to beat out, and frighten the *djinns* with a great noise . . . our own modern football had its origin in an ancient agrarian rite, of which *Koura* is but a survival." And look out for keys if you be at the Sacred City of the Abadia: "It is the fashion for the master of every house to wear the key of his castle suspended round his neck. Before prayer, or prior to any religious ceremony if of iron, he must remove it on account of its magical properties. . . . The Caid of Beni-Isguen, as befitting his exalted position, displayed an enormous iron key, at least ten inches in length, upon his portly person, like a badge of office." By his key ye shall know him!—These quotations by way of introduction to a very, fascinating book.



Guard Against
the Evil Eye!

An you be afraid of the Evil Eye, read the sayings of A Woman in the Sahara. There be many warnings; and sundry antidotes. Also there may be considerate workers to help. The writer and Lisette found an Arab "interior." "Now the masons have gone; the last one, with a kindly thoughtfulness, which we must appreciate, having planted his open hand deep in the wet mud over the doorway, as a certain protection to us all from the baleful glance of an evil eye. Horseshoes and crescents are common enough, and horns are also renowned for their magical gift of repulsion; but the power of the open hand, with its outspread five fingers, is in the highest repute to shield one from the envious piercing look of a *ma'ian*, who, viper-like, can discharge an invisible poison, deadly enough to break a stone in pieces, or, worse still, take human life."

The Dangerous
"Spring Clean."

And beware of the spring clean. It may lead to all sorts of trouble. "Ennaïr is . . . the annual 'spring clean' of the housewife, and whatever betides is an augury for the luck of her home for twelve months to come. It behoves her, therefore, to wash all the clothes:

throw away everything that is worn out, even to the beams from which her utensils have been suspended: to send her children to find three new stones for the hearth: to make a holocaust of her pots and pans, her mortar, her wooden dishes and platter and replace them with new ones. *Couscous* cooked by steam is forbidden on the first day of Ennaïr, so even if she cannot afford to dispense with her old *keskâs*, it must at least be idle and unused for twenty-four hours; and her unfinished *burnous* come off its frame and be carried to the other side of the mountain and back, before she can venture to start work on it again."—Still, if in doubt consult the professional "witch," obey her strictly, wear her amulets religiously. So shall you escape disaster—with luck!

ENGAGED TO THE EARL OF EUSTON:
LADY BORTHWICK.

Susannah Mary, Baroness Borthwick was born in 1878, and in 1901 was married to the seventeenth Baron Borthwick, who died in 1910. She has the Order of Mercy and is a Vice-President of the League. She is a daughter of Sir Mark John MacTaggart Stewart, first Baronet.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The Sacred
Force.

Many another matter will have interest

for you on the northern fringe of the Sahara. Some would embarrass you. Here is one: "Etiquette lays it down that each guest should take only a portion from the edge of the dish nearest himself, leaving the centre to the finish. Moreover, some choice morsels should remain untouched that the blessing of Heaven may descend on the repast, and were a *M'rabet* (a holy man) present, he would certainly spit on them, for saliva, especially that of the pious, is charged with *baraka*, the sacred force."

"Football" for
Rain; and Keys.

Then the "football"—as played to bring rain upon the arid earth. "It is called *Koura* and it is played with a ball of wood, or of rags bound together with string and long thick sticks, curving upwards and widening at the base. . . . The boys, divided into two camps, pushed the ball to and fro from one party to the other shouting the while, for on them it devolves thus to beat out, and frighten the *djinns* with a great noise . . . our own modern football had its origin in an ancient agrarian rite, of which *Koura* is but a survival." And look out for keys if you be at the Sacred City of the Abadia: "It is the fashion for the master of every house to wear the key of his castle suspended round his neck. Before prayer, or prior to any religious ceremony if of iron, he must remove it on account of its magical properties. . . . The Caid of Beni-Isguen, as befitting his exalted position, displayed an enormous iron key, at least ten inches in length, upon his portly person, like a badge of office." By his key ye shall know him!—These quotations by way of introduction to a very, fascinating book.

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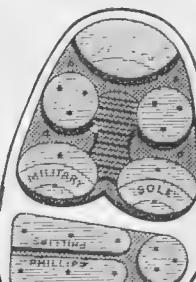
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IN COLOUR AND LINE: CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATED books have come from the publishers this season in big battalions as usual, in spite of the war. At the head of the column stands a work which is of military as well as historical interest, and forms a fascinating subject for illustration—"A Book of Bridges," with pictures by Frank Brangwyn and text by W. Shaw Sparrow (John Lane). In painting the beautiful old bridges of France, Spain, and Italy, as well as some of our Tower Bridge, Frank Brangwyn has found subjects very much to his taste. Their to his broad, massive and imposing forms are well suited strong manner, while their picturesque surroundings afford scope for his mastery of colour and atmosphere. There are thirty-six delightful colour-plates, and the same number of black-and-white drawings, full of vigour and bold contrast. The letterpress is as interesting as the pictures. The author mentions that he has been collecting material for twenty-five years. "This great war broke out," he writes, "when my last chapter was nearly finished, and its early events illustrate and confirm the main arguments which I have tried to make as clear as possible, so that no person may think of bridges apart from their historic service to mankind. During many centuries, for example, all strategical bridges were fortified; then a gradual decline began, and it culminated in the defenceless modern bridge that sappers blow up in a few minutes." One chapter deals with ancient Roman bridges, another with old bridges of Europe, Persia, and China.

There is no need to introduce Mr. W. Heath Robinson to *Sketch* readers as a humorous draughtsman, but they may not be so familiar with his illustrating work in colour, in which humour is combined with beauty. Both aspects of his art are seen at their best in two books we have received—a cheaper edition of his own stories for children, "Bill the Minder" and others (Constable), and a new edition of "The Water Babies." The former book shows his playful genius in its ripest form, and his pictures of little children are delightful. As regards the latter, Kingsley's tale has never appeared in a more charming form, and the pictures greatly enliven the familiar text.

Another case of a famous story revived by new illustrations is an edition of "A Christmas Carol," with pictures, in colour and line, by Arthur Rackham (Heinemann, and Lippincott). Mr. Rackham is distinctly at home in his new rôle as a Dickens illustrator, and his work challenges comparison with the best. Marley's ghost has never appeared so ghostly, and the other well-known characters—the Fezziwigs, Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim, and Scrooge himself—take on a new lease of life.

Browning is more difficult to illustrate than Dickens, but Mr. Bernard Partridge has essayed the task with marked success in his colour-plates to "Rabbi Ben Ezra; and Other Poems" (Hodder and Stoughton). One is apt to think of a cartoonist as doing nothing but cartoons, but here the famous *Punch* artist shows himself equally skilled in serious colour-work. As might be expected, he excels at figures in dramatic situations, but the riot of colour in some of his plates is a revelation to those who have only known him through the medium of black-and-white.

"The Kaiser's Garland," by Edmund J. Sullivan (Heinemann), is, vice-versa, an instance of a colour illustrator appearing as a cartoonist. These forty-and-four satires of the Kaiser and the Crown

Prince and the Germans in general are no milk-and-water stuff. They satirise "frightfulness" with much gruesome detail, which is sometimes very effective, as in "The Belgian Bed," "Ich Selbst und Gott," and "When Pigs begin to Fly"—a vision inspired by Zeppelins—but this hell-fire style of pictorial satire is not always so effective as a more realistic manner.

In complete contrast to these violent imaginings are the colour illustrations, by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale, to "The Book of Old English Songs and Ballads" (Hodder and Stoughton). Their note is that of pathos and quiet sentiment amid scenes of country life very restful but rather tantalising in these days when restfulness seems almost unpatriotic. The pensive beauty of old English villages, churches, and countryside has seldom been more charmingly revealed.

Restful, too, in a more playful vein and in other surroundings—those of a villa in Italy—are both text and illustrations of "Our Sentimental Garden," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, illustrated by Charles Robinson (Heinemann). The "trifling chronicle," as its authors call it, was begun before the war. Now the Villino is a convalescent hospital for wounded, and the book is offered in the hope that "some unquiet heart will find [in it] a passing relaxation." The dogs and cats of the book are not its least amusing element.

Another little book illustrated by the same clever artist, Mr. Charles Robinson, is "Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Perie Banou," a story from the Arabian Nights (Gay and Hancock). The five plates are done in a fittingly Oriental manner, with bright colours.

Very popular with the younger generation will be "Grandmother's Fairy Tales," from the French of Charles Robert Dumas, by Pia Hewlett, illustrated by Maurice Lalau (Heinemann). The colour-plates and the numerous line-drawings are very well done, and full of life and movement. This Dumas of the nursery should be better known.

Good reprints of famous poems are always welcome. Such is a new edition of "The Dream of Gerontius," by Cardinal Newman, with excellent black-and-white illustrations by Stella Langdale, and an introduction by Gordon Tidy (John Lane). The artist has essayed a difficult task with great success.

In the same category are two little books, "Sonnets by Shakespeare" and "Songs from the Plays of Shakespeare," daintily illuminated by Edith A. Ibbs (Constable). The border-designs, initials, and antique type possess the charm of a mediæval manuscript.

The beneficent work which is being done for our men who have lost limbs in the great war by Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals, in Roehampton, should be much benefited by "The Queen's Gift-Book," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, at the very low price of half-a-crown, in aid of the funds of that most valuable institution. As a beautiful present, and as a souvenir of the war, this royal gift-book is unique. Mr. Balfour contributes a brief, epigrammatic essay on "The Pleasures of Reading," and the array of

writers and artists includes many front-rank names: Mr. A. S. Cope, R.A., and Mr. William Llewellyn, A.R.A.; Mr. John Galsworthy, Sir J. M. Barrie, John Buchan, E. F. Benson, Joseph Conrad, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and other first-rate writers, who send characteristic work; while, to return to the art side, we find such names as W. Heath Robinson, E. Blampied, Arthur Rackham, Dudley Hardy, and other well-known people.



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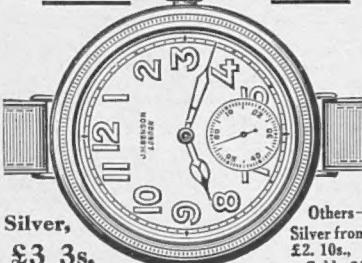
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A prophetess, Cymric of Cwm,
Foretold for the Kaiser some dyd,
In Llanystymidwy to dwell
For ever, oh —

No more hearing Krupp's guns
go "Bwm!"

Then a rival seer of Rhyl
Suggested a more bitter phyl:
As a guest, housed in Criccieth,
No peace for the Wiccieth!
Of fruit, rare and refreshing, his
phyl;

but no O. S. TOOTH BLOCK,
though it is only 1/- (to be frank
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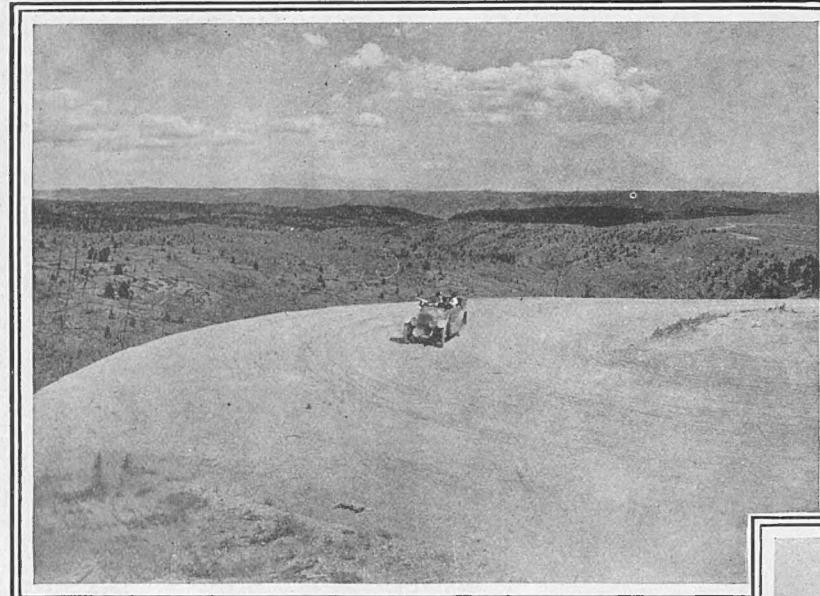
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

KHAKI IN THE DARK—A WARNING: THE "A.A." AND THE WAR: AERIAL HARSHIPS—AND A PROPHECY.

Khaki by Night. A gentle reminder to the gallant wearers of the King's uniform may not be out of place now that our roads and streets are shrouded in Cimmerian darkness. The khaki hue, it is believed, was adopted, in lieu of the coats of many colours at one time prevalent, for the sake of its invisibility in the field. It may or may not be true that the German grey or the new French light blue may be even better in this respect, but one thing every driver knows only too well, and that is that khaki is practically indistinguishable by night—under present lighting conditions, at all events. All the more desirable is it, therefore, that soldiers who are off duty and sharing the roads with ordinary pedestrians should display more than usual care and keep to the extreme left wherever possible. I had a striking experience of the contrary method the other evening, and one which illustrated in unmistakable fashion



HIGHEST AND MOST WONDERFUL OF THE WORLD'S MOTOR-ROADS: THE NEW PIKE'S PEAK AUTO-HIGHWAY—A 50-FOOT CURVE AT MILE 8; HEIGHT 9960 FEET.

"The road is wonderful in its marvellous engineering triumphs, wonderful in that it reaches into the clouds 14,109 feet above the sea, and still more wonderful in the magnificence of its scenery. . . . 60,000 square miles in one vast, limitless view. . . . The grade has been held to an average of 6 per cent., with a maximum of 10 per cent. All the sharpest curves are 26 to 50 feet wide and super-elevated. Masonry parapet and curve guard-rail walls are provided where needed.

the essential difference between civilian dress and the Army uniform. While creeping cautiously along a somewhat narrow suburban road, with the usual dark spaces between the lamp-posts, I discerned two pedestrians in dark clothes, neither of whom was using the foot-path. A touch of the steering-wheel took me outside them; but just as I thought I was passing them with a reasonable margin I saw that there were three people on the road, not two, and the third, in khaki, was in the very middle of the road! If I had been going at anything over ten miles an hour, and another vehicle had been approaching from the opposite direction, only the full application of all my brake-power could have saved the soldier in question, and perhaps not even that, as he was quite invisible until I was almost on his back.

The Silent Car. Of course, if we were still driving "roarers," as in the early days of motoring, the approach of a car, save in a high wind, would be audible from behind; but in these days of silent engines, long since demanded by the public, it is absurd to trust to the ears alone. But as pedestrians are not endowed by nature with eyes in the back of their heads, and motor-car drivers, for the time being, are only permitted to use lamps which enable them to be seen, and not to see to any practical effect, it is sufficiently remarkable that anyone can have the hardihood to use the road when there is a footpath alongside; and it is even more remarkable that a wearer of khaki should choose the outside berth of three persons who are walking abreast in the road at one and the same time. It is scarcely necessary to add, I hope, that these comments are not penned in the interests of the hustling type of driver, but of those who find it only too difficult to see even when proceeding with the

utmost cautiousness and skill, and with no other desire than to avoid the possibility of accident to all concerned.

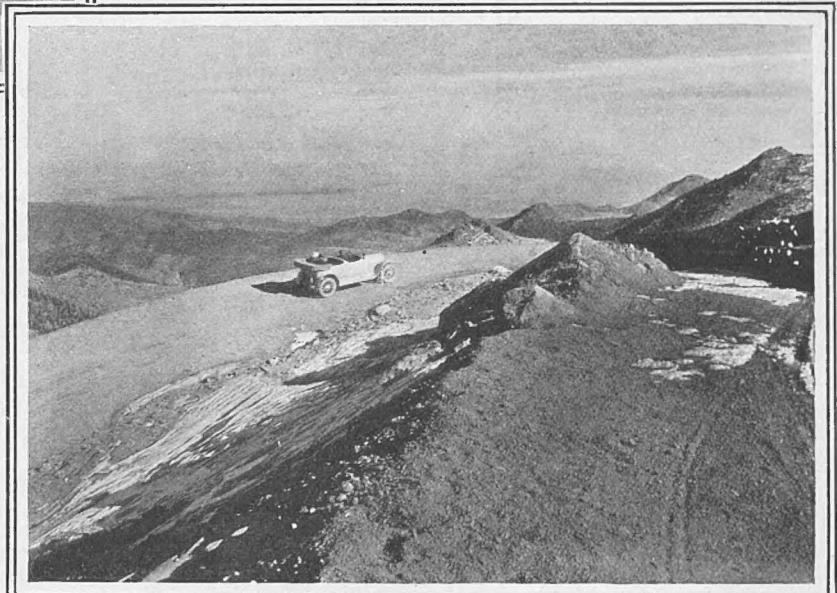
**The Work
of the A.A.**

It was hardly to be expected that the Automobile Association, any more than other organised bodies, would fail to feel the effects of the war to the extent of a limitation of membership. Notwithstanding adverse conditions, however, the Association even yet maintains its position as the largest motoring organisation. The membership was rapidly approaching a total of a hundred thousand before the war began, and, of course, that figure was never reached; but every year inevitably sees new recruits to motoring, with car or motor-cycle, in the natural course of events, and of these first-year owners the Association continues to attract a goodly proportion.

Many thousands of new members, in fact, have been enrolled during the past year; but what is equally gratifying is the way in which older members who are on foreign service, or otherwise debarred from using their vehicles, are nevertheless renewing their subscriptions. One member, for example, writes from Gallipoli: "As we are all on the same tack, and I understand that the Association has given great help to the Government in organising motor services for the war, I am only too glad to keep up my membership." Meanwhile, members at home have rendered, and continue to render, enthusiastic support in the way of personal service, gifts of cars, and cash contributions towards schemes initiated by the executive for assisting the country.

**The Conquest
of the Air.**

The testimony of a Flight-Commander at the front as to a recent experience of his own is more than usually remarkable even in these days of epic achievements in the air. He left the ground with an observer to effect a lengthy reconnaissance which took them nearly to Mons. It was not only freezing hard as they



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ascended, but they also encountered two snowstorms, and the cold was so absolutely intense that the water in the pilot's eyes was turned to ice! Nor was this all, moreover, for a great sheet of ice formed over the mouth outlet of his mask, and had to be smashed before he could breathe! Nevertheless, they fought a German machine, and chased it from Arras to Douai. Also noteworthy in a different way is a statement made by Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss, the most famous of American flying-men. "Someone," he says, "will cross the Atlantic in an air-boat the first fine day that the world is again free to take interest in that side of the development of flying." Nor is this a merely sanguine prediction, for Mr. Curtiss declares that the feat could be performed now, craft being already in existence which could do the journey in a single non-stop flight.

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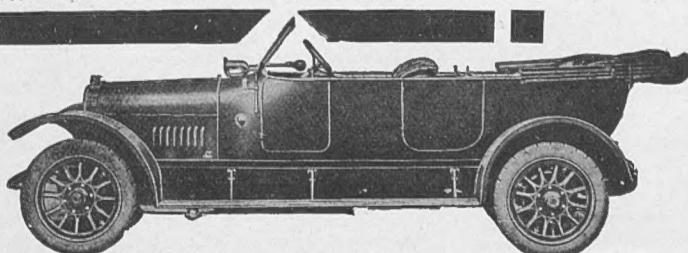
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Everywhere
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Picture Prizes. We all love pictures, and we all adore prizes. An opportunity for acquiring pictures as prizes is offered by Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, S.E. The pictures are charming, too; one is "The Toast is Britain," by Fred Roe, R.I., portraying in colour an incident at a banquet to Nelson, at which Benjamin West, the great painter, was present; the other is, "Oranges and Lemons," by Sheridan Knowles, R.C.A., R.I., R.C.I.—a delightful group of children at play in a garden. The way to obtain these pictures, as a prize, is to send forty outside wrappers from the 4d. tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, together with 6d., the cost of packing and postage (inland), to the above address, marking the envelope, "Pictures." It is an easy way, seeing how immensely in favour the soap is, and how our soldiers and sailors clamour for it.

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Playing the Game. Britons are good at this, and we all love to play card-games, too. The International Card Company have a splendid choice of these suitable to pass the time on winter evenings, or in intervals when work cannot be done, or is satisfactorily completed. These games are played with De La Rue's beautiful cards, and they can be obtained of all West End stores, and all card-dealers in the provinces. The Cavalry game is quite topical, and shows the names and numbers of our cavalry regiments; it costs only 2s. The Peter Pan game is a great favourite, as the cards show characters from this well-known play. For 1s., also, there are a number of excellent games—Noah's Ark, Animal Grab, and Alice in Wonderland are a few of them.

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Secret.

Away in the far Himalayas, Mrs. Adair, whose fame as a beauty-specialist is known all over the world, tells how she met a native priest. From him she discovered at the temple of the Hindu god, called "Ganesh," that element in her preservatives and remedies which gives them their well-nigh magical success. This secret ingredient is used in them, and they are all issued under the trade-mark, "Ganesh," so well known to women who have used these preparations to keep and make themselves youthful and attractive. Those who wish to know about them should call and see Mrs. Adair, at 92, New Bond Street, W.

Southward Ho! Whither away for Christmas? "Why, to the Sunny South, of course," many will reply. Even in war-time the Sussex Coast upholds its reputation for health-giving. In nearly all the towns brave soldiers are recuperating in the invigorating and revitalising air. There is no better place for a brief holiday than the Sunny South Coast—Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Hayling Island, Southsea, Isle of Wight, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells. Particulars of travelling facilities will be sent to any inquirer applying to the Publicity Department, London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

In a notice of the beautiful Community Plate made by the Oneida Company, of Diamond House, Hatton Garden, published in our Issue of the 8th, it was inadvertently stated that the price of a dozen table-spoons in this ware was 23s. 6d., instead of 33s. 6d.—the correct amount. At the same time the name "Hepplewhite" was spelt as "Hepplewhite."

By a slip of the pen, we gave a portrait last week as that of Miss Iris Tanyia Lord. In point of fact, this should have been Miss Iris Tanyia Ford. The mistake occurred in reading manuscript.

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Dec. 22, 1915.

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